

# Fermata, Gypsy Blood

The space under my bed  
I want to crawl beneath it  
The room in my head  
Well I no longer need it

Don't  
Don't you want to move?  
Don't  
Don't you feel consumed?

And it's in your blood  
And it comes back to haunt us  
What have we done, are we filling empty graves?  
And it's in your blood  
And it comes back to haunt us  
What have we done, are we filling empty graves?

The secrets that you've kept  
So closely held and guarded  
My heart translucent  
That's when your silence started

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Don't you feel consumed?

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What have we done, are we filling empty graves?

Why did you  
Why did you  
Why did you go?  
Why did you  
Why did you go?  
Why did you  
Why did you go?  
Why did you  
Why did you go?